

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

Entered second class mail at Charleroi, June 26, 1902, according to Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

VOL. 9. No. 64.

CHARLEROI, WASHINGTON CO. PA. MONDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1908

One Cent

YOUNG MAN KILLED AT LUCYVILLE

John Hainey, a young man 22 years of age, of California, was run down and killed by the "Bummer" Saturday, a short distance south of Lucyville. The young man did not die immediately but succumbed to his injuries while being taken to the Memorial Hospital at Monongahela, later.

Hainey was going home from an evening's visit in Lucyville, walking the distance. He failed to notice the approach of the train in time and was hit and thrown a number of feet. The injured man was picked up by some men of Lucyville who happened along at about the time, and placed on the train. He was taken to Brownsville and a physician called. After dressing the injuries as well as possible, he sent the man to the hospital at Monongahela. Hainey was dead when he reached the place. The body was taken to Beabout's undertaking room and this morning was shipped to the home in California. Identification was made by an emblem of the I. O. O. F. lodge, tattooed on his arm.

Charleroi And Braddock Play Tie Saturday

Charleroi and Braddock teams of the Monongahela Valley association football league played a tie game on the local grounds Saturday afternoon. Each team succeeded in getting one point, but the fast work of the goal men prevented further scoring.

The game was pretty one and full of interest. It abounded in nice plays and was clean from start to finish. J. Hynes for Charleroi secured the goal for the home team and McMenemy the one for the Braddock.

New Eagle won from Donora 1-0; Roscoe from Gallatin, 3-2 and Dunlevy from McKeesport 3-1.

The lineup:

Charleroi—1	Braddock—1
Baird.....G.	Denimer
H. Hynes.....F. B.	R. Howe
Mencer.....F. B.	C. Howe
Quinn.....H. B.	McAtee
Donley.....H. B.	McMilligan
Clark.....H. B.	White
Renard.....F.	Holloway
Campbell.....F.	Brooks
J. Hynes.....F.	Ferguson
Holden.....F.	McMenemy
O'Hara.....F.	McCain
Goals—J. Hynes.	McMenemy.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers are small pills, easy to take, gentle and cure. Sold by Piper Bros.

ed

DeWitt's Little Early Risers are

small pills, easy to take, gentle and

cure. Sold by Piper Bros.

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DETECTIVE MC CLEARY ROUNDS UP MEN CHARGED WITH BURGLARY

Monongahela, Pa., October 26—home, where the two men have been staying recently. Thomas himself is reputed as a bad man, while Leeson is said to have served two terms at Riverside.

Although the direct charge against the pair is larceny it is the detective's belief that the men can be connected with the numerous holdups and robberies committed in the Beallsville region recently. Thomas and his partner were charged with stealing from Thomas' mother-in-law, Mrs. Laughlin, taking such things as sheep, chickens, potatoes and corn.

The arrest took place at Thomas'

Prompt, Intelligent Service

The First National Bank of Charleroi is in charge of men of high standing in financial affairs—men who regard the earnest, intelligent and faithful conduct of the business of the bank and the safeguarding of its funds as their imperative duty to each depositor.

Checking accounts cordially invited.

4 per cent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts First National Bank Charleroi, Pa.

Open from 8 to 9 P. M. On Saturdays

Depository for the State of Pennsylvania.

J. K. Tener, Pres. S. A. Walton, Vice Pres. R. H. Rush, Cashier.

Department Is Started At Plate Works

The polishing department of the Pittsburg Plate glass works here was put in operation this morning. The factory is now running in all the departments and in a few days will be turning out an amount of glass daily similar to that which went from this plant each day before the close down last March. Last week the grinding department was put on, and is now working full time. When every thing is well regulated there will be about 600 men employed.

OIL FIELD WILL BE PERMANENT

West Middletown, Oct. 26.—The residents of West Middletown now feel that the oil field which was indicated by the small strike of a few weeks ago is going to be a permanent thing. The test well on the property of the Kessey Oil company which caused all the excitement has been shot and the prediction is that it will do from eight to 20 barrels a day. A good flow of gas was struck in the Gordon or hundred foot sand, where the larger supply of oil was also found. This gas, it is thought, will be sufficient to run the engines for drilling purposes.

Drilling will soon be started on the other location in this territory.

FORMER CHARLEROI MAN GETS NICE POSITION

The many friends of W. T. McCullough, principal of the Claysville public schools, will be very much pleased to learn that he has been elected principal of the Beaver Falls High school. He will accept the place. The salary is \$1,200 a year.

Mr. McCullough was principal of the Claysville schools last year and was entering upon his second year at that place. He is a graduate of the California State Normal and the University of West Virginia. As a school man he holds a good record and since coming to Washington county has taken an active interest in school affairs. Mr. McCullough came to Claysville from New Castle, where he was for three years instructor in Latin and History in the City High school. He went to that place from Charleroi, where he taught for two terms.

The Beaver Falls High school has a four year course, with a faculty of seven teachers.

The Claysville schools opened today after being closed for four weeks on account of the scarlet fever epidemic.

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THE CHARLEROI MAIL

A Republican Newspaper.

Published Daily except Sunday by
MAIL PUBLISHING COMPANY
Daily Mail Building, Fifth Street,
CHARLEROI, PA.

Tom P. SLOAN, President
S. W. SHARPACK, Sec'y & Treas.
Harry E. Price, Business Manager
Entered in the Post Office at Charleroi, Pa.
as second class matter

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

per Year \$3.00
Months 1.00
Weeks75
All subscriptions payable in advance.
Delivered by carrier, in Charleroi at six
cents per week.
Communications of public interest are al-
lowed, but not necessary for publication,
and not necessary for publication,
not invariably bear the author's signature.

TELEPHONES
Bell 76 Charleroi 76
Member of Monongahela Valley Press
Association

Advertising Rates:
DISPLAY—15 cents per inch, first
insertion. Rates for large space con-
tracts made known on application.

READING NOTICES—Such as
business local, notices of meetings,
resolutions of respect, cards of
thanks, etc., 5 cents per line.

LEGAL NOTICES—Legal, official
and similar advertising, including
that in settlement of estates, public
sales, live stock and estate notices,
bank notices, notices to teachers, 10
cents per line, first insertion; 5 cents
a line, each additional insertion.

Local Agencies
Geo. S. Might Charleroi
Clyde Collins Speers
M. Dooley Dunlevy
Gustave Clements Lock No. 4

Oct. 26 In History.
1759—Danton, the famous French revo-
lutionist, born; guillotined 1794.
1811—Major General Robert Anderson,
hero of Fort Sumter, died; born
1805.
1802—Frank Norris, American novelist,
died; born 1860. Elizabeth Cady
Stanton, noted American woman
suffragist, died; born 1815.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.
Sun sets 5, rises 6:21; moon sets 6:07
p. m.; 4 a. m., eastern time, all Jupi-
ter's four moons on east of the planet.

Only a Week.

Just a week and one day until
Election and things are as quiet as
though it were a month yet until the
citizens of this great nation shall
choose the one who will guide the
country's destiny through the next
four years. Whether it will be W.
H. Taft, the Republican nominee,
who has perhaps more ability and is
better fitted for the high position than
any other man of the Nation, or
William J. Bryan, one of the best
orators this country has ever produced
will then be decided by the voters.
The main argument for the election
of the former man in his vast record
of achievements. He has done things
while his opponent talked of what he
might do and what should be done.
William Taft did not seek the nomi-
nation for the presidential candidacy;
it sought him. William Jennings
Bryan has been on the job at various
times for the past twelve years, but
is still trying, with no record to boast
of but his superior ability to talk.

The local congressional and legislative
battles will prove of interest,
although the real fight came off last
spring. Bossism was downed by an
overwhelming vote. The defeated
candidate for the first named office has
turned completely from the ranks
which sent him to Congress for twelve
successive years, has shown his true
hand by turning entirely away from
those whom he regarded as his friends
as long as they were willing to bow
submissive to his dictation and is now
backing with his newspapers, formerly
powers in this county, another ticket.
He is also fighting in all the spirit
he can muster the entire legislative
ticket of the Republican party. We
admire a man who can take defeat
gracefully, but we certainly do treat
with contempt one who cannot.

Electric Sparks.

Still there is hope of further live-
liness in the campaign, presented in
the allegation that Hearst has some
more dynamite in reserve, to which
the previously read documents were
little more than firecrackers.

It is probably not surprising that
the junior Democratic organ has come
to the conclusion that his campaign
is tard on the professional politicians,
meaning, of course, the perennial
candidate.

Our old friend Richard Croker is no
longer a voter in the United States,
but he signalizes his interest in

TREMENDOUS REMNANT SALE!

Is still going on at FREW'S. Unheard of bargains in Furniture, Stoves, Carpets, Rugs, etc. Don't fail to take advantage of this sale, as an opportunity to furnish your home at about one-half the usual cost is offered you here. So be wise and come early.

New Method Gas Ranges
Everyone Guaranteed. Burns More Air Than Gas.
\$15.00 and up. The Most Satisfactory
Baker You Ever Used.

Beautiful Iron and Brass Beds, National Folding Beds \$5.00 and up. Mattresses and Springs \$1.50 to \$30. We must make room for a carload lot of new goods. Carpets—the prices will astonish you. We have a beautiful display of Ingrain and Brussels Carpets.

J. FREW, 404-6 Fallowfield Avenue,
CHARLEROI, PA.

Democratic success by, wiring \$1,000
to the Democratic national campaign
fund. Is this "tainted money," Mr.
Bryan?

Children are lots of company, but
if they are bad children they are too
much company.

John Temple Givens weighs but 88
pounds, but he has challenged Kern
to meet him in a joint debate. An
exchange says that this is the case of
the ant saying to the elephant, "Who
yo yo a-shovin'?"

Mrs. Howard Gould alleges that
her husband tried to starve her by
cutting down her allowance to \$60,000
a year. She must be a person who
cannot live unless she has meat three
times a day.

There is a growing demand for an
improved fireless cooker that will also
wash the dinner dishes.

Money spent for advertising is not
a charity, nor is it an experiment.
It is an investment, and when made
judiciously, will surely pay.

Someone has figured out that all
the water now running in the Monon-
gahela river would easily pass through
a pipe a yard in diameter. There is
a little current in the river, but very
little.

A still alarm of fire yesterday after-
noon called the firemen to No. 17
Eighth avenue, Beaver Falls, but the
fire was extinguished before the arri-
val. The fire was from an overheated
telephone wire caused by three women
all trying to talk over it at the same
time.—Beaver Star.

These be the times when candida-
tes must feel mighty lonesome and
unimportant unless he has been flayed
by somebody in the red headlines.

Rugby Team Goes To Ellsworth And Defeats Eleven

The Charleroi rugby team went to
Ellsworth Saturday and defeated the
eleven representing that place, 24-0.
The game was a clean one and many
nice plays were made by both teams.
The home eleven was the heavier but
were much out played by the bunch
from this place. The whole Charle-
roi team played well together and
especially did the backfield do good
work, gaining ground consistently.
Forward passes and inside kicks
counted much for the visitors. For
the Ellsworth team, Newcomer played
a star game. The lineup:

Charleroi—24. Ellsworth—0.
Crill L. E. Schuh
Reeves L. T. Thomas
B. Newton L. G. Guibl
W. Newton C. Ferguson
Thompson R. G. Gullick
Smock R. T. Ulling
Miller R. E. St. John
T. Mangan Q. B. Vaccani
Urban L. H. Neems
F. Mangan R. H. Python
Dietz R. B. Conner
Substitutions, McMahon for Schuh,
Newcomer for Ferguson, Wherry for
Gullick, Smythe for Neems. Touch-
downs, T. Mangan 2, F. Mangan,
Smock. Field goal, F. Mangan.
Referee—Grooms. Timekeepers,
Crieghead and James.

Too Much For Him.

"How true that old saying is about
a child asking questions that a man
cannot answer," remarked Popleigh.
"What's the trouble now?" queried
his friend Singleton.
"This morning," replied Popleigh,
"my little boy asked me why men were
sent to congress, and I couldn't tell
him."—Chicago News.

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"my little boy asked me why men were
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Another Way Out of It.
Nobody had ever had reason to ac-
cuse Abel Pond of being dishonest, but
he was as sharp a man in a bargain
as could be found in the county. When
the building committee applied to him
for a site for the new library he was
ready to sell them a desirable lot, but
not at their price.

"I couldn't feel to let it go under
\$600," he said, with the mild obstinacy
that characterized all his dealings with
his fellow men. "It wouldn't be right."
"You ought to be willing to contribute
something for such an object," said
the chairman of the committee.
"It's worth six hundred, why not let us
have it for five hundred and call it
you've given the other hundred?"

"M'm—no, I couldn't do that," said
Mr. Pond, stroking his chin. "but I tell
you what I will do. You give me seven
hundred for it, and I'll make out a
check for a hundred and hand it over
to you, so's you can lead the list of
subscribers with a good round sum
and kind of wake up folks to their
duty."—Youth's Companion.

A Real Apology.
"When the late Joel Chandler Har-
ris was an editor here among us," said
an Atlanta, "I called on him one day
and found him very willing to correct
an error about me that crept into his
columns.

"We talked about newspaper contradic-
tions, public apologies and the like,
and 'Uncle Remus' took down a scrap-
book and read me an apology that was
an apology indeed. It had happened,
he said, in a Transvaal paper. I'll never
forget it. I agreed with Mr. Har-
ris that it was the finest specimen of
the public apology and retraction ev-
er. It said:

"The undersigned, A. C. du Plessis,
retract hereof everything I have said
against the innocent Mr. G. P. Dearden,
calling my self an infamous liar and
striking me in the mouth with the exclamation
'You m—n' eavesdropper! Why do you lie
so? I do—just to let you know
I'm a—agreed with the editor of Mr. G. P.
Dearden's out. I do myself, besides, a
genuine liar of the first class."
A. C. DU PLESSIS."

How Models Make Pictures.
The artist gazed in rapture on "The
Kiss," his latest picture.
"Do you grasp," he said, "the pas-
sionate grace of the girl's attitude, the
warmth and the power wherewith her
white arms draw the young man
closer, ever closer? Well, I got that
idea from my model, a shopgirl.

"But for my model's suggestion I'd
have put the girl in a stiff, cold pose,
and the picture would never have been
the masterpiece it is. But my model
pointed out to me the abandon where-
with a girl, whether of high or low
station, gives herself up to a kiss
charm. She illustrated the thing, add-
ing: 'I do—just to let you know
I'm a—agreed with the editor of Mr. G. P.
Dearden's out. I do myself, besides, a
genuine liar of the first class."
A. C. DU PLESSIS."

Burma's Popular Sports.
A form of speculation very popular in
Burma is bull racing. A certain native
sportsman is the owner of one of
these bulls, for which he has refused
an offer of 10,000 rupees. It has won
several races and is looked after and
as carefully tended as a Derby favorite.
The owner values it at 25,000 rupees,
and it is said, it brings him an annual
income of from 12,000 to 15,000 rupees.

It is carefully guarded by four men
lest it may be got at and "doctored."

Burmans also patronize boxing en-
gagingly, but the art can scarcely be prac-
ticed according to Queensberry rules,
for we are told by a provincial reporter
that he has observed that "even the
best boxers strike out with their eyes
tightly shut, and if they do hit each
other it is more by chance than any-
thing else."—Calcutta Statesman.

The Wrong Lady.

Some young idlers had been enjoying
the fun of hazing passing shopgirls
with rather doubtful compliments, and
from some of the answers returned it
was evident that not all of those ad-
dressed were taking things kindly.
Presently one of the older boys, seeing
it was going too far, spoke up. "Look
a' here now, fellers," he added, "youse
might think youse is wise guys an' all
that, but just keep on an' the wrong
lady'll come along, an' she'll break yer
face, see?"—Argonaut.

Too Much For Him.
"How true that old saying is about
a child asking questions that a man
cannot answer," remarked Popleigh.
"What's the trouble now?" queried
his friend Singleton.
"This morning," replied Popleigh,
"my little boy asked me why men were
sent to congress, and I couldn't tell
him."—Chicago News.

Valley Football League;

Standing of The Teams.

	W	L	Tie	Pts
Roscoe	5	0	0	10
Dunlevy	4	1	0	8
Braddock	3	1	1	7
Donora	2	3	0	4
Charleroi	1	2	2	4
New Eagle	2	3	0	4
Gallatin	1	4	0	2
McKeesport	2	4	1	1

Results Saturday.
Charleroi 1, Braddock 1, New
Eagle 1, Donora 0, Roscoe 3, Gallatin
2, Dunlevy 3, McKeesport 1.
Games Next Saturday.
Charleroi at New Eagle, Gallatin
at McKeesport, Braddock at Roscoe,
Dunlevy at Donora.

Great Bargains In Coffee

When you want to save money, this is the store that will help you.

Bring this ad with you and you can buy 6 pounds of our regular
12½c coffee for 50c. Better buy in a supply and take 12 pounds for \$1.00
but you must bring this ad to get it.

Fancy Elgin Creamery Butter 33c
New York cream cheese 17c
3 pounds for 50c

EGGS
Candied storage eggs, the kind
some stores sell for fresh
country eggs 25c
Strictly fresh from
the country
Guaranteed 28c

Don't fail to bring this advertisement with you.

Shannon's Butter and Egg Store,
327 Fallowfield Avenue.

No Pittsburg Store

can sell you such fine Fall Suits and Coats, Skirts
and Waists at prices

EUGENE FAU

of Charleroi, can.

It's the one big store that's competing with Pitts-
burg stores and it's getting there, too. We want the
ladies of Charleroi to call and get acquainted with us.
If you make a single purchase here you will always
come back.

Fallowfield Ave., Charleroi, Pa.

STAR THEATRE

HIGH CLASS ATTRACTIONS

Francis Trumbell

The Girl with the Harp.

Adelaide Walters

Singing, Dancing any Piano Specialty

Jules Walters and Louise Llewellyn

Comedy Sketch.

ILLUSTRATED SONGS

By H. V. Schaffer assisted by Miss Mary Laughlin.

ADMISSION 10c

MOVING PICTURES

Change of Bill Monday and Thursday.

... BRICK ...

California Clay Manufacturing Co.

Get our Prices on

Common and Face Brick

Room 21,
Trust Co. Bldg.

CHARLEROI, PA.

Protection, Encouragement and Satisfaction.</h

SAMPLE SHOE STORE

Fallowfield Avenue
Opposite Postoffice

Sample Lots and Overproduction from Famous Boston Makers at One-half the Real Value.

Sample Lots

Boys' and Girls' Shoes, all leathers and styles; sizes 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 1 to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$; \$2 values

\$1.00



THE TIME TO BUY--NOW

WOMEN'S SAMPLES

Shoes and Oxfords, tans, patents and dulls; all sizes. Adolph's price.....

\$1.50

See the Bin Front.



WOMEN'S TANS

New Fall Styles, button and blucher, all sizes; \$5.00 value. Adolph's price.....

\$3.45

All Sizes

THE PLACE--ADOLPH BEIGEL'S.

MEN'S SAMPLES

Box Calf; heavy double soles; \$2.50 values. Adolph's price.....

\$1.48

MEN'S SAMPLES

\$3.50 and \$4.50 Shoes, tans, patents and dulls, all sizes. Adolph's price.....

\$2.45

MEN'S SHOES

Calfskin, double sole, lace and congress, all sizes 6 to 12. \$2.00 values. Adolph's price.....

\$1.00



Sample Shoe Store

A. Beigel

What Is Worth Having Is Worth Going After

MAIL advertisers and readers of
MAIL advertisements know where
to go after the things worth having

That Is Why They Use

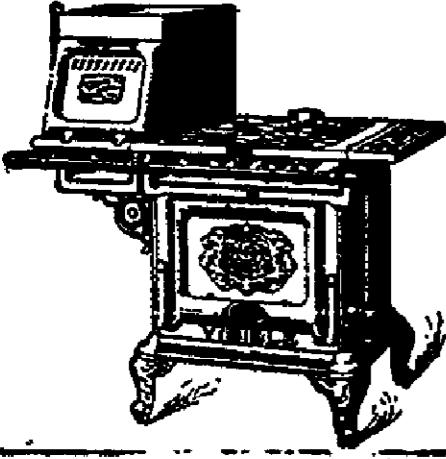
THE MAIL

J. M. FLEMING

PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING

Gas Ranges and Chandeliers
Garden Hose and Gas Hose

Masonic Building Charleroi, Pa.



Winter Will Soon Be Here

HAVE YOU A FURNACE? If not come in and talk it over with us. Your credit is good. If you have one, perhaps it needs some repairs before starting up. Better notify us at once to look after it. Both 'phones.

D. N. HALL 412 Fallowfield Avenue

Three Girls and a Bungalow.

By C. B. LEWIS.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

The three girls—Florence, Molly and Edith—began talking up that bungalow in January, and long enough before the first April shower they had all their plans perfected. It was to be a unique and romantic summer outing. Florence's father owned a farm on the bay. A frame house had been erected for the tenant, and an old log house stood vacant in a romantic spot. It was, as Florence informed her two girl chums, a dear, lovely, sweet, just-too-nice-for-anything old log house. It would make such a bungalow as could not be found for twenty miles up and down the coast.

On the hill forty rods back of the log house was the new dwelling, occupied by Farmer Jones, his good, fat wife and his lean son Jacob. The girls would take their meals there and have no cooking or dishwashing to do. When they wanted to roast clams and potatoes they could build a fire on the shore.

Just three girls and no crowds, no dressing for dinner, no keeping the hair curled; just three girls, boating, fishing and swinging in their hammocks and cantering over the dewy grass in the morning; no cards, no bouquets, no flirtations; the fat Mrs. Jones for chaperon, the lean Jacob to run errands, old Jones to drive into the village once a week after kerosene and baking powder and their mail—the very thought of it produced thrills.

Well, it all came off. They went down early in April for a week for two months. Word had soon got to Jones that they wished to rent it and that he must not remove any of the romance. He obeyed orders. He built three rude bunks, put in an old table and three chairs and furnished a lamp. There were a few panes of glass in the windows, and he did not add to the number; there were a few holes in the roof, and he did not cover them; there was half an acre of pigweeds around the house, and he did not mow them down. Mr. Jones was romantic himself and appreciated the sentiment in others.

The outing started off with "How charming!" "How ideal!" and "How very romantic!" Then the three girls got their heads together and took a solemn vow. It was that they would remain until the very last day of August and that in the interval they would not encourage any young man to address them—any young man except Jacob, from whom they learned that young men came that way at intervals to fish in the bay.

The bungalow was a success from the start. On the first night it rained, and the water dripped down through a dozen leaks; on the second night a cow came and put her head through one of the windows to see what strange cattle had arrived and taken possession; on the third an owl alighted on the roof-tree and uttered three whoops, and they were followed by three exclamations of "Murder!" "Poilie!" and "Help!"

On the fourth day Jacob appeared with a pitcher of battermilk and some startling news. He had discovered a young man had gone into camp a short quarter of a mile away. He had with him a tent, a boat, plenty of provisions and cooking utensils. It looked as if he intended to stay right there all summer. Jacob had entered the young man's camp and asked him to please move two miles farther up or down. The young man had stared at him and kept on reading a volume of poetry. The news created intense excitement at once. An indignation meeting was at once called, and it was resolved that the young man was to be arrested if he came within ten rods of her.

Jacob had entered the young man's camp and asked him to please move two miles farther up or down. The young man had stared at him and kept on reading a volume of poetry. The news created intense excitement at once. An indignation meeting was at once called, and it was resolved that the young man was to be arrested if he came within ten rods of her.

"Sir, this is my father's property, and you are a trespasser. I have to request that you kindly go away."

"But it happens to be my property," replied the stranger, with a smile. "Your father's farm ends at the creek there."

"But—but we are three girls, sir." The young man bowed to the three in turn.

"And we have a bungalow and do not wish to be disturbed."

"I shall take great pleasure in not disturbing you."

"But you can't understand, sir, that we are on our vacation and don't want any men around."

"Sorry, young ladies—extremely sorry—but I am on my vacation and don't want any females around. I will agree to keep my distance if you will keep yours. I have camped here for the past three years on account of this spring."

The delegation walked back to the bungalow without a word. Then the meeting was called to order again, and Miss Florence asked what further steps were deemed necessary to rid themselves of the presence of the impudent intruder.

"Why, if it's his land he has a right there, hasn't he?" ingenuously queried Molly.

"And I didn't expect to see such a good looking young man," sighed Edith. "Are you girls going to turn traitor?" demanded the chairman in indignation.

tones. "He may be good looking, and he may be on his own land, but he's no gentleman. A gentleman would have consented to move his camp even ten miles if kindly requested by three girls who were camping by themselves. If he thinks we are going away instead he'll find himself very much mistaken. We must subdue him on every possible occasion."

When Farmer Jones was appealed to he said he guessed the young man was within his rights. When young Jacob was told the result of the call at his camp he offered to go over and chuck the intruder into the bay and hold him there, but wiser counsel prevailed, and the bungalow once more settled down to peace and romance. Not for long.

After breakfast two mornings later Florence went down to the shore for a row to find the boat missing. The tide had floated it off during the night. As she stood there wondering over tides and skiffs and intruders the young man of the camp came rowing up in his own boat and towing the missing craft. He leaped ashore, raised his cap and drew the skiff upon the land. Then he entered his own craft without a word and rowed away.

At dinner that evening Mrs. Jones proudly placed a dish of fried sole on the table. The girls welcomed it with little screams of delight. Miss Florence had half finished her dinner when she remembered having seen the intruder with a gun on his shoulder in the edge of the woods that afternoon. She suddenly lost her appetite and whispered to the girl on either hand.

"You may bow your neck to the tyrant's yoke if you will, but as for me—never!" "But such a deep, rich voice as he has!" "And such eyes and teeth!"

At the breakfast next morning there was excellent fish on the table—fish caught that morning, as Mrs. Jones proudly announced. The girls pitched in, but after five minutes Miss Florence had half finished her dinner when she remembered having seen the intruder with a gun on his shoulder in the edge of the woods that afternoon. She suddenly lost her appetite and whispered to the girl on either hand.

"Oh, I know he must be a gentleman the first moment I set eyes on him."

"And how terrible it would have been if he had driven him away from here," added Edith.

They were traitors to the cause, but presumably looks like a stockade, and pieces of fluttering cotton make it look impregnable. When this is ready, the young bloods, well mounted, gallop out and round up the wild horses, driving them with shouts and much loud snapping of stock whips toward the mouth of the funnel.

In a group of brumbies there is always a leader, and when once the hunters have got the leader heading for the corral they are pretty certain of the rest of the drove. The fluttering cotton rags of the sham fence are sufficient to deter the brumbies from breaking through the dimly barbers and in less time than it takes to tell the wild horses are safely corralled and the big gate shut on them.

Then they are left for four and twenty hours without food and water to reflect on the situation, and after that can be broken in without much difficulty.—London Standard.

Job Still Open.

The proprietor of a London restaurant advertised for a cook. The first to apply for the berth appeared to be in every way suitable. But before engaging him the restaurant keeper inquired if he could give him a tip for the 2:30 race.

The cook's eyes brightened. He whispered a "dead cert," and mentioned that he had 5 shillings on the horse himself. That was enough. The proprietor gave him a lecture on the evils of betting and showed him the door. As he went out he saw another man about to enter.

"Are you going to apply for the job?" he asked. "Well, if you are asked if you know anything about racing, say you can't tell a Derby winner from a coster's donkey."

The man took the advice, was engaged and commenced his duties. Presently the proprietor rushed to the speaking tube and yelled to the new cook:

"Calf's head one."

Instantly the reply came:

"Did he, by George? What was second and third?"

The Chinese Waiter.

The chief glory of an average Chinese inn is the waiter. This indispensable functionary is the guardian of all your interests for the time being, and when you are not looking he dives into secrets and matters of your own that seem to amuse and enlighten him to your inconvenience and annoyance. Like his conferees in other and more enlightened countries, he hardly ever separates himself from the inevitable napkin, but his badge of waitership is a very practical article with him. With it in summer he mops his damp brow or bare shoulders, while in winter, wrapped about his head, it protects him from rain and wind. The Chinese waiter's napkin is put to all kinds of uses besides those just mentioned. It is used as a dishcloth, a mop with which to wipe the floor, a cloth for cleaning and wiping down tables and a duster. But Chinese landlords are very reasonable in their charges, which in a measure compensate for the unpleasantness of living in their lairs.

Peasant For the Lender.

"There," said Dubley, adding up the column of figures, "a total of \$632. I guess that's all. Oh, no; there's \$30 I forgot. Gee! I wish somebody would lend me \$632. Can you do it, old man?"

"What for?" demanded Markley.

"Why, I want to get out of debt,"—Philadelphia Press.

A Holdup.

De Roads—Mister, I found the dog your wife is advertising's reward my \$5 fer. Mr. Jaw—You did, eh? De Roads—Yes, and if you don't gimme \$10 I'll take it back to her. See?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Made His Mark.

"Well, young Dr. Sicer has made his mark already, hasn't he?"

"Yes; did it on his first case."

"Great Scott! What did he do?"

"Vaccinated him!"

OCEAN LINER'S CARGO.

Four Hundred Husky Longshoremen to Load One Ship.

Down on the wharf the rush was at its height. Under the sputtering bluish arc lights, amid endless clang and rumble, the produce of America came in. From the prairies, the mines and the mills, from the forests, the cotton plantations, tobacco fields, orchards and vineyards, from the oil fields and meat packing houses, from the grime factories, large and small, ponderous engines of steel, harvesters, reapers, automobiles, bars of silver and yellow bricks of gold, bales of cotton and wool and hides and tobacco, meats, barrels of flour and boxes of fruit, hogsheads of oil and casks of wine—tens of thousands of things and machines to make things—piled up on the wharf by the acre. And still all night the teams clattered in and the tons puffed up with the larger and from hundreds of miles away the trains were rushing hither, bringing more boxes and barrels and bags to be packed in at the last moment.

In gangs at every batchway the 400 men were trundling, heaving, straining, a rough crowd, cursing and joking at the hoarse shouts of the foremen, while from the darkness outside the iron black rope nets dropped down to gather giant handfuls of cargo, swing them back up to the deck of the ship and then down into her hold. So all through the night and right up to the hour of sailing the rush went on, for the great ocean liner's work is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars a month. And the ship must sail on time.—Everybody's.

HUNTING WILD HORSES.

How Brumbies In New South Wales Are Trapped and Broken.

Hunting "brumbies," as the wild horses are called there, is a favorite sport in New South Wales. Districts like the Clarence and Stephens and Manning river watersheds are still the home of numerous droves of brumbies, and hunting them is declared to be a very exhilarating pastime. The first step taken is to stake out a corral and make all secure except a narrow entrance, which can subsequently be gated. On either side of the entrance and projecting from it funnelwise a "booby fence" is prepared.

To the simple minded brumby it presumably looks like a stockade, and pieces of fluttering cotton make it look impregnable. When this is ready, the young bloods, well mounted, gallop out and round up the wild horses, driving them with shouts and much loud snapping of stock whips toward the mouth of the funnel.

In a group of brumbies there is always a leader, and when once the hunters have got the leader heading for the corral they are pretty certain of the rest of the drove. The fluttering cotton rags of the sham fence are sufficient to deter the brumbies from breaking through the dimly barbers and in less time than it takes to tell the wild horses are safely corralled and the big gate shut on them.

Then they are left for four and twenty hours without food and water to reflect on the situation, and after that can be broken in without much difficulty.—London Standard.

Hear as a Creative Artist.

Hearn's creative faculty began where creation is commonly held to end, with the material given. Of the creative gift in the sense in which the phrase is applied to the poet he had not a particle. He was not a maker, but a shaper. Dr. Gould puts the matter bluntly when he says, "He had no original thing to say, for he was entirely without creative power and had always to borrow theme and plot." And again: "Clearly and patiently it was a mind without creative ability, spring or the desire for it. It was a mind improverent by inheritance and by education, by necessity and by training, by poverty internal and external." The truth in these words becomes evident when one recalls the failure as fiction of every one of Hearn's attempts in this field and the fact that his greatest successes were won in reclothing the ideas of other men about to enter.

Very Clever.

They tell a story in London of a certain peer who had never before shown the slightest interest in horse racing that he surprised a young man of his acquaintance by asking him apropos of nothing which horse had won the Derby. The young man told him, "That was very clever of him," replied the peer. "Was it the first time he tried it?" The young man stared, but said "Yes." "Then I call it very clever of him," replied the noble but incomplete sportsman. "To win the Derby the first time he tried for it."

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BERRYMAN'S

Sale Begins Saturday Oct.
24, Ends Oct. 31.



See What 9¢ Will Do



Magic 9s

ALL OVER THE STORE—You wouldn't think we could find so many things to sell at 9 cents. Nine cents isn't the regular price of any of these articles, though most of them are 15c and 12c goods—lots of them 18c and 20c. We have reduced them to 9 cents just for this sale. The figure 9 has always been considered lucky, and it is such a small price to pay for most anything that we decided to tack it to all sorts of things you are apt to want right now. The 9s are scattered broadcast—you will find them everywhere perched jauntily on goods that never expected to greet you for much less than twice nine. Yes, come and see what 9 cents will do.

Cut Out the Coupons—Sold only on these days—and only with coupons.

Tuesday morning	Thursday morning	Saturday Morning
From 9 to 12 o'clock only	From 9 to 12 o'clock only	October 31
12¢ Chambray, different colors.....	Cut out this coupon and get 10 yards of 10¢ bleached muslin for.....	From 9 to 12 o'clock only
Best light calico, 10¢ 10 yds for.....	10 Yard Limit	Men's 25¢ Neckties or 25¢ socks or suspenders on this morning.....
10 yds for.....		29¢
10 Yard Limit		Farmers' 25¢ Suspenders.....
Wednesday m'rning	Friday Morning	Saturday Morning
From 9 to 12 o'clock only	From 9 to 12 o'clock only	October 31
Large selection of light and dark 10¢ outing flannel.....	You can buy any 25¢ hose for women, children or men, 6 pairs.....	From 9 to 12 o'clock only
Wednesday morning only	18¢	Bleached sheets, large size.....
	Apron Gingham, a yd.....	Best silkaline, plain and floral.....

Millinery

Our Trimmed Hat Department is showing an immense line of new and stylish hats that you simply must see. There's an awful change in the style, but we want you to try a few of these large shapes on your head—and we are certain that you will be pleased with the effect. There's a lot of snap-style to these new hats. We make in our workrooms hats for ladies, misses and children, carefully and thoroughly made and reasonably priced.

Cloaks

The Cloak and Suit Department is filled to the overflowing point. We are showing a grand line of suits at \$16.50, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$25.00 to \$35.00. All alterations made free of charge and we make them fit. Long dark coats for women. Plain cloth and fancy mixtures for misses and a large variety for children and babies. Moderately priced. See these during our special sale.



Advertise in the Mail

PFLEGHARDT'S ODD PIECE FURNITURE SALE

We invite the public's attention to our Odd Piece Clean-Up Sale which will be going on all next week.

To clean out a large number of odd pieces of Furniture, the quality and style of which need no lengthy description to the public of this valley, as Pfleghardt's is known to carry nothing except what is up-to-date, stylish and best to be had in construction. This sale is for the purpose of closing out pieces of which there is only one of a kind, to make room for Holiday Stock, now coming in every day. The new shipments are crowding us for space and if you contemplate buying anything in the furniture line, now or in the near future, we would advise you to come as early as possible and inspect what we are offering. We especially invite the inspection of these goods by experienced and critical housekeepers, and young couples about to go to house-keeping.

Come Early If You Want the Best Bargains

PFLEGHARDT'S Furniture and Carpet House

530-532 Fallowfield Ave.

Charleroi, Pa.

We Are Showing a Complete Line of

MILLINERY AND LADIES' FURNISHINGS FOR FALL.

Our stock is entirely new and up-to-date.

You will find all the newest millinery here and the prices will surprise you.

F. L. MAY

Fifth Street

The Old Wells' Block

Making More Than a Living

Nearly every man who works steadily makes more than a living. During these slow times the men who have saved something appreciate what it is to have something laid away for a rainy day. A few cents a day soon counts up, and when savings are placed in a bank at a tidy interest the sum soon grows to proportions that make it a safeguard against want when work is not plentiful. Figure up how much more than a living you are making now, and place the difference in this bank. Four per cent. interest paid in savings department.

Bank of Charleroi,

Charleroi, Pa.

Capital and Surplus, \$251,500.

WANTED—Two furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Address 31 Mail office.

MUSIC FOR EVERYBODY

The season's latest hits in songs, as well as all the newest instrumental selections will be found in our large stock.

We have the sole agency for the world's best makes of pianos, and would be pleased to send you list showing styles, prices, etc.

W. F. Frederick Music Co.,
J. J. KING, Retail Manager.

Fallowfield Ave.

FRESH GREEN GOODS

are a specialty with us. We receive them daily and are always able to supply our customers with every seasonable dainty that the market affords.

Telephone or bring your orders and we will be pleased to deliver same promptly to you.

J. E. MASTERS & CO.

Fourth St. and Fallowfield Ave.

Charleroi, Pa.

HERE'S A TEST:

No matter where you sit in a room heated with

Prizer's Canden Gas Stove

You will be comfortable. Heat equally divided in all parts of the room.

Prevents Cold Floors, Stops Sweating of Walls and Windows.

Prices Moderate.

Results Guaranteed.

Come in and let us tell you about it.

D. R. DUVALL HARDWARE

Charleroi

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

VOL. 9 No. 64

CHARLEROI, WASHINGTON CO., PA. MONDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1908

One Cent

YOUNG MAN KILLED AT LUCYVILLE

Department Is Started At Plate Works

The polishing department of the Pittsburg Plate glass works here was put in operation this morning. The factory is now running in all the departments and in a few days will be turning out an amount of glass daily similar to that which went from this plant each day before the close down last March. Last week the grinding department was put on, and is now working full time. When every thing is in full regulation there will be about 600 men employed.

OIL FIELD WILL BE PERMANENT

John Hainey, a young man 22 years old, of California, was run down and killed by the "Brammer" Saturday night a short distance south of Lucyville. The young man did not die immediately but succumbed to his injuries while being taken to the Memorial Hospital at Monongahela, later.

Hainey was going home from an evening's visit in Lucyville, walking the distance. He failed to notice the approach of the train in time and was hit and thrown a number of feet. The injured man was picked up by some men of Lucyville who happened along at about the time, and placed on the train. He was taken to Brownsville and a physician called. After dressing the injuries as well as possible, he sent the man to the hospital at Monongahela. Hainey was dead when he reached the place. The body was taken to Beabout's undertaking room and this morning was shipped to the home in California. Identification was made by an emblem of the I. O. O. F. lodge, tattooed on his arm.

Charleroi And Braddock Play Tie Saturday

Charleroi and Braddock teams of the Monongahela Valley association football league played a tie game on the local grounds Saturday afternoon. Each team succeeded in getting one point, but the fast work of the goal men prevented further scoring.

The game was a pretty one and full of interest. It abounded in nice plays and was clear from start to finish. J. Hynes for Charleroi secured the goal for the home team and McMenemey the one for the Braddock eleven.

New Eagle won from Donora 1-0; Roscoe from Gallatin, 3-2 and Dunclev from McKeesport 3-1.

The lineup:

Charleroi—L. Baird	G. Denmer	Braddock—J. Baird
H. Hynes	F. B. Howe	R. Howe
Mencer	F. B. C. Howe	C. Howe
Quinn	H. B. McAttee	H. B. McAttee
Donley	H. B. McMilligan	H. B. McMilligan
Clark	H. B. White	H. B. White
Renard	F. Holloway	F. Holloway
Campbell	F. Brooks	F. Brooks
J. Hynes	F. Ferguson	F. Ferguson
Holden	F. McMenemey	F. McMenemey
O'Hara	F. McCain	F. McCain
Goals—J. Hynes, McMenemey.		

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Tom P. SLOAN, President
S. W. SHARPACK, Secy & Treas.
HARRY E. PRICE, Business Manager
Entered in the Post Office at Charleroi, Pa.
as second class matter

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

as Year	\$3.00
Months	1.50
Three Months	.75
All subscriptions payable in advance.	
Delivered by carrier in Charleroi at six cents per week.	
Communications of public interest are always welcome, but as an evidence of good taste and not necessarily for publication, it is invariably bear the author's signature.	

TELEPHONES

Bell 76 Charleroi 76

Member of Monongahela Valley Press Association

Advertising Rates:

DISPLAY—15 cents per inch, first insertion. Rates for large space contracts made known on application.

READING NOTICES—Such as business locals, notices of meetings, resolutions of respect, cards of sympathy, etc.

LEGAL NOTICES—Legal, official and similar advertising, including that in settlement of estates, public sales, live stock and stray notices, bank notices, notices to teachers, 10 cents per line, first insertion; 5 cents a line, each additional insertion.

Local Agencies

Geo. S. Micht... Charleroi
Clyde Collins... Speers
M. Dooley... Dunlevy
Gustave Clements... Lock No. 4

Oct. 26 in History.

1793—Danton, the famous French revolutionist born; guillotined 1794.

1861—Major General Robert Anderson, hero of Fort Sumter, died; born 1803.

1902—Frank Norris, American novelist, died; born 1870. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, noted American woman suffragist, died; born 1815.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Sun sets 5, rises 6:21; moon sets 6:07 p.m.; 4 a.m. eastern time, all Jupiter's four moons on east of the planet.

Only a Week.

Just a week and one day until Election and things are as quiet as though it were a month yet until the citizens of this great nation shall choose the one who will guide the country's destiny through the next four years. Whether it will be W.

H. Taft, the Republican nominee, who has perhaps more ability and is better fitted for the high position than any other man of the Nation, or William J. Bryan, one of the best orators this country has ever produced, will then be decided by the voters. The main argument for the election of the former man in his vast record of achievements. He has done things while his opponent talked of what he might do and what should be done.

William Taft did not seek the nomination for the presidential candidacy; it sought him. William Jennings Bryan has been on the job at various times for the past twelve years, but is still trying, with no record to boast of but his superior ability to talk.

The local congressional and legislative battles will prove of interest, although the real fight came off last spring. Bossism was downed by an overwhelming vote. The defeated candidate for the first named office has turned completely from the ranks which sent him to Congress for twelve successive years, has shown his true hand by turning entirely away from those whom he regarded as his friends as long as they were willing to bow submissive to his dictation and is now backing with his newspapers, formerly powers in this country, another ticket.

He is also fighting in all the spirit to muster the entire legislative ticket of the Republican party. We admire a man who can take defeat gracefully, but we certainly do treat with contempt one who cannot.

Electric Sparks.

Still there is hope of further liveliness in the campaign, presented in the allegation that Hearst has some more dynamite in reserve, to which the previously read documents were little more than firecrackers.

It is probably not surprising that the junior Democratic organ has come to the conclusion that his campaign

meaning, of course, the perennial candidate.

Our old friend Richard Croker is no longer a voter in the United States, but he signalizes his interest in

TREMENDOUS
REMNANT SALE!

Is still going on at FREW'S. Unheard of bargains in Furniture, Stoves, Carpets, Rugs, etc. Don't fail to take advantage of this sale, as an opportunity to furnish your home at about one-half the usual cost is offered you here. So be wise and come early.

New Method Gas Ranges

Everyone Guaranteed. Burns More Air Than Gas.
\$15.00 and up. The Most Satisfactory

Baker You Ever Used.

Beautiful Iron and Brass Beds, National Folding Beds \$5.00 and up. Mattresses and Springs \$1.50 to \$30. We must make room for a carload lot of new goods. Carpets—the prices will astound you. We have a beautiful display of Ingrain and Brussels Carpets.

J. FREW, 404-6 Fallowfield Avenue,
CHARLEROI, PA.

Democratic success by wiring \$1,000 to the Democratic national campaign fund. Is this "tainted money," Mr. Bryan?

Children are lots of company, but if they are bad children they are too much company.

John Temple Groves weighs but 98 pounds, but he has challenged Kern to meet him in a joint debate. An exchange says that this is the case of the ant saying to the elephant, "Who yo a-shovin'?"

Mrs. Howard Gould alleges that her husband tried to starve her by cutting down her allowance to \$60,000 a year. She must be a person who cannot live unless she has meat three times a day.

There is a growing demand for an improved fireless cooker that will also wash the dinner dishes.

Money spent for advertising is not a charity, nor is it an experiment. It is an investment, and when made judiciously, will surely pay.

Someone has figured out that all the water now running in the Monongahela river would easily pass through a pipe a yard in diameter. There is a little current in the river, but very little.

A still alarm of fire yesterday afternoon called the firemen to No. 17 Eighth avenue, Beaver Falls, but the fire was extinguished before the arrival. The fire was from an overheated telephone wire caused by three women all trying to talk over it at the same time.—Beaver Star.

These be the times when candidates must feel mighty lonesome and unimportant unless he has been flayed by somebody in the red headlines.

Rugby Team Goes To Ellsworth And Defeats Eleven

The Charleroi rugby team went to Ellsworth Saturday and defeated the eleven representing that place, 24-0. The game was a clean one and many nice plays were made by both teams. The home eleven was the heavier but were much out played by the bunch from this place. The whole Charleroi team played well together and especially did the backfield do good work, gaining ground consistently. Forward passes and onside kicks counted much for the visitors. For the Ellsworth team, Newcomer played a star game. The lineup:

Charleroi—24. Ellsworth—0.

Crill.....L. E.....Schub Reeves.....L. T.....Thomas

B. Newton.....L. G.....Guilb W. Newton.....C.....Ferguson

Thompson.....R. G.....Gullick

Smock.....R. T.....Ulling

Miller.....R. E.....St. John

T. Mangan.....Q. B.....Vaccani

Urb...L. H.....Neems

F. Mangan.....R. H.....Phyton

Dietz.....F. B.....Conner

Substitutions, McMahon for Schub,

Newcomer for Ferguson, Wherry for

Guilick, Smythe for Neems. Touchdowns, T. Mangan 2, F. Mangan,

Smock. Field goal, F. Mangan.

Referee—Grooms. Timekeepers,

Crieghead and James.

Too Much For Him.

"How true that old saying is about a child asking questions that a man

cannot answer," said a man in a

"What's the trouble now?" queried his friend Singleton.

"This morning," replied Popleigh,

"my little boy asked me why men were

sent to congress, and I couldn't tell him."—Chicago News.

It was going too far, spoke up.

"Look at here now, fellers," he added, "you

might think youse is wise guys an' all

that, but just keep on an' the wrong

lady'll come along, an' she'll break yer

face, see?" Argonaut

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SAMPLE SHOE STORE

Fallowfield Avenue

Opposite
SCHOOL

Sample Lots and Overproduction from Famous Boston Makers at One-half the Real Value.

Sample Lots

Boys' and Girls' Shoes, all leathers and styles; sizes 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 1 to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$; \$2 values

\$1.00



THE TIME TO BUY--NOW

WOMEN'S SAMPLES

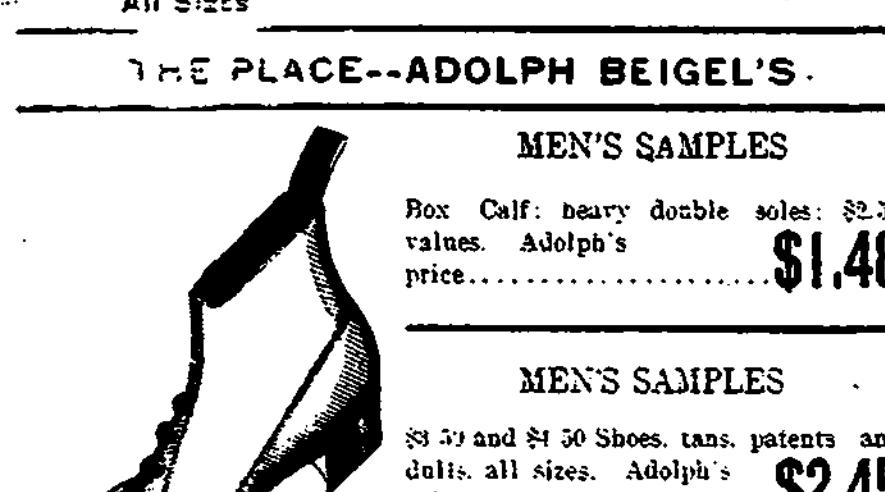
Shoes and Oxfords, tans, patents and dolls; all sizes. Adolph's price..... \$1.50

See the Big Front.



WOMEN'S TANS

New Fall Styles, button and blucher, all sizes; \$5.00 value. Adolph's price..... \$3.45

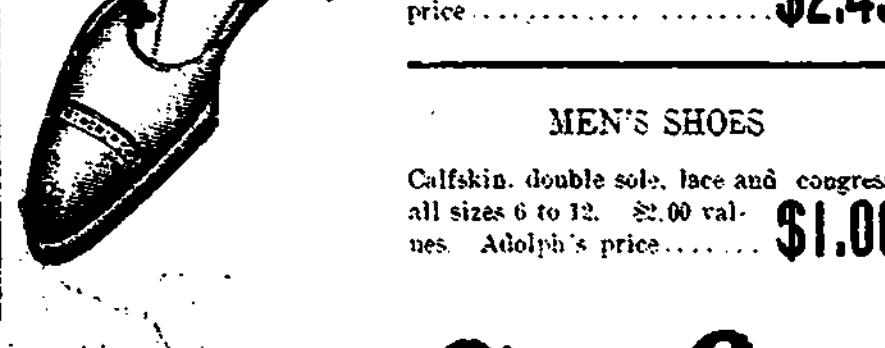


MEN'S SAMPLES

Box Calf; heavy double soles; \$2.50 values. Adolph's price..... \$1.48

MEN'S SAMPLES

\$3.50 and \$4.50 Shoes, tans, patents and dolls, all sizes. Adolph's price..... \$2.45



MEN'S SHOES

Calfskin, double sole, lace and congress, all sizes 6 to 12. \$2.00 values. Adolph's price..... \$1.00



Sample Shoe Store

A. Beigel

What Is Worth Having Is Worth Going After

MAIL advertisers and readers of
MAIL advertisements know where
to go after the things worth having

That Is Why They Use

THE MAIL

J. M. FLEMING

PLUMBING AND
GAS FITTING

Gas Ranges and Chandeliers
Garden Hose and Gas Hose

Masonic Building
Charleroi, Pa.



Winter Will Soon Be Here

HAVE YOU A FURNACE? If not come in and talk it over with us. Your credit is good. If you have one, perhaps it needs some repairs before starting up. Better notify us at once to look after it. Both 'phones

D. N. HALL

412 Fallowfield Avenue

Three Girls and a Bungalow.

By E. B. LEWIS
Copyrighted, 1913, by Associated
Literary Press.

The three girls—Florence, Molly and Edith—began talking up that bungalow in January, and long enough before the first April shower they had all their plans perfected. It was to be a unique and romantic summer outing. Florence's father owned a farm on the bay. A frame house had been erected for the tenant, and an old log house stood vacant in a romantic spot. It was, as Florence informed her two girl chums, a dear, lovely, sweet, just-too-nice-for-anything old log house. It would make such a bungalow as could not be found for twenty miles up and down the coast.

On the hill forty rods back of the log house was the new dwelling, occupied by Farmer Jones, his good, fat wife and his lean son Jacob. The girls would take their meals there and have no cooking or dishwashing to do. When they wanted to roast clams and potatoes they could find a fire on the shore.

Just three girls and no crowds, no dressing for dinner, no keeping the hair curled; just three girls boating, fishing and swimming in their hammocks and capturing o'er the dewy grass in the morning; no cards, no bouquets, no flirtations; the fat Mrs. Jones for day and the lean Jacob to run errands; old Jones to drive into the village store a week after Christmas and baking powder and their mail—the very thought of it produced thrills.

Well, it all came about. They went down early in July to remain for two months. Word had been sent to Jones that they wished to catch it and that he must not remove any of the romance. He obeyed orders. He built three rude bunks, put in an old table and three chairs and furnished the lamp. There were a few panes of glass in the windows, and he did not add to the number; there were a few holes in the roof, and he did not cover them; there was half an acre of pigweeds around the house, and he did not know them down. Mr. Jones was romantic himself and appreciated the sentiment to others.

The outing started off with "How charming!" "How ideal!" and "How very romantic!" Then the three girls got their heads together and took a solemn vow. It was that they would remain until the very last day of August and that in the interval they would not encourage any young man to address them—any young man except Jacob, from whom they learned that young men came that way at intervals to fish in the bay.

The bungalow was a success from the start. On the first night it rained, and the water dripped down through dozen leaks; on the second night a cow came and put her head through one of the windows to see what strange cattle had arrived and taken possession; on the third an owl alighted on the roof-tree and uttered three whoops, and they were followed by three exclamations of "Murder!" "Poison!" and "Help!"

On the fourth day Jacob appeared with a pitcher of buttermilk and some startling news. He had discovered a young man had gone into camp a short quarter of a mile away. He had with him a tent, a coat, plenty of provisions and cooking utensils. It looked as if he intended to stay right there all summer. Jacob had entered the young man's camp and asked him to please move two miles farther up or down. The young man had glared at him and kept on reading a volume of poetry. The news created intense excitement at once. An indignation meeting was at once called, and it was resolved "that the young man has got to go and that we wait upon him in a body and tell him so."

Jacob bravely offered his help, but it was declined. "The body" marched straight for the enemy's camp, each face wearing a look of determination. The enemy was sitting down smoking a pipe, but on their arrival he rose up and doffed his cap and stood at respectful attention. Miss Florence was spokesman, and after a slight shiver she announced:

"Sir, this is my father's property, and you are a trespasser. I have to request that you kindly go away."

"But it happens to be my property," replied the stranger, with a smile. "Your father's farm ends at the creek there."

"But—but we are three girls, sir."

The young man bowed to the three in turn.

"And we have a bungalow and do not wish to be disturbed."

"I shall take great pleasure in not disturbing you."

"But can't you understand, sir, that we are on our vacation and don't want any men around?"

"Sorry, young ladies—extremely sorry—but I am on my vacation and don't want any females around. I will agree to keep my distance if you will keep yours. I have camped here for the past three years on account of this spring."

The delegation walked back to the bungalow without a word. Then the meeting was called to order again, and Miss Florence asked what further steps were deemed necessary to rid themselves of the presence of the impudent

"Why, if it's his land he has a right there, hasn't he?" ingeniously queried Molly.

"And I didn't expect to see such a good looking young man," sighed Edith.

"Are the girls going to turn traitors?" demanded the chairman. He demanded

four. "He may be good looking, and he only be on his own land, but he's no gentleman. A gentleman would have condescended to make his camp even ten miles if kindly requested by three girls who were camping by themselves. If he thinks we are going away, instead, he is now making very much mistake. We must catch him on every possible occasion."

When Farmer Jones was appealed to he said he guessed the young man was within his rights. When young Jacob was told the result of the call at his camp he offered to go over and chuck the intruder into the bay and hold him there, but wiser counsel prevailed, and the bungalow once more settled down to peace and romance. Not for long, however.

After breakfast two mornings later Florence went down to the shore for a row to find the boat missing. The tide had floated it off during the night. As she stood there wondering about tides and skiffs and intruders the young man of the camp came rowing up in his own boat and towing the missing craft. He leaped ashore, raised his cap and drew the skiff upon the sand. Then he entered his own craft without a word and rowed away.

At dinner that evening Mrs. Jones proudly placed a dish of fried squirrels on the table. The girls welcomed it

Florence had half finished her dinner when she remembered having seen the intruder with a gun on his shoulder in the edge of the woods that afternoon. She suddenly lost her appetite and whispered to the girl on either hand: "You may have your neck to the tyrant's rope if you will, but as for me—ever?"

"But such a deep, rich voice as he

"And such eyes and teeth."

At the breakfast next morning there was excellent fish on the table—fish caught that morning, as Mrs. Jones proudly announced. The girls "pitched in" but after five minutes Miss Florence released further fish. It came as like a dash that the impudent intruder must have furnished the supply. She looked at her chums in cold disown, but Miss Molly clasped her hands and rolled her eyes.

"Oh, I knew he must be a gentleman the first moment I set eyes on him."

"And how terrible it would have been had we driven him away from here," added Edith.

"They were traitors to the cause, but

they conduct only made Florence the more when it came to her own business and when to interfere with that of others. In this case she laid off for a couple of weeks. Miss Florence went out hunting by herself. She planned to be herself so as to snub the intruder if he came within ten rods of her.

It is useless to speculate on how a girl and a boat get upset on bay, lake or river. They do, and that's all there is about it. Florence was after the biggest crab of the century when she suddenly found herself sinking down to a watery grave. She didn't know when the intruder came rushing down in his skiff and leaped overboard to her rescue. She didn't know when she was carried ashore and up to the Joneses' house. When she did recover she heard sobs and sighs all around her, and as she tried to sit up she heard Molly exclaim:

"Oh, goody, goody! She will live! He has saved her life."

"And if she doesn't marry him she's an ungrateful wretch," added Edith.

"Why, we've known for two whole days that he was a son of Senator Blaise and one of the finest young men in the world!"

Job Still Open.

The proprietor of a London restaurant advertised for a cook. The first to apply for the berth appeared to be in every way suitable. But before engaging him the restaurant keeper inquired if he could give him a tip for the 2:30 race.

The cook's eyes brightened. He

whispered a "dead cert" and mentioned that he had 5 shillings on the nose himself. That was enough. The proprietor gave him a lecture on the evils of betting and showed him the door. As he went out he saw another man about to enter.

"Are you going to apply for the job?" he asked. "Well, if you are asked if you know anything about racing, say you can't tell a Derby winner from a cosier's donkey."

The man took the advice, was engaged and commenced his duties. Presently the proprietor rushed to the speaking tube and yelled to the new cook:

"Calf's head one."

Instantly the reply came:

"Did he, by George? What was second and third?"

The Chinese Waiter.

The chief glory of an average Chinese inn is the waiter. This indispensable functionary is the guardian of all your interests for the time being, and when you are not looking he dives into secrets and matters of your own that seem to amuse and enlighten him to your inconvenience and annoyance. Like his confreres in other and more enlightened countries, he hardly ever separates himself from the inevitable napkin, but his badge of waitership is a very practical article with him. With it in summer he mops his damp brow or bare shoulders, while in winter, wrapped about his head, it protects him from rain and wind. The Chinese waiter's napkin is put to all kinds of uses, besides those just mentioned; it is used as a dishtowel, a "mop" with which to wipe the floor, a cloth for cleaning and wiping down tables and dresser. But Chinese landlords are very reasonable in their charges, which in a measure compensate for the inconveniences of living in their inn.

OCEAN LINER'S CARGO.

Four Hundred Husky Longshoremen to Load One Ship.

Down on the wharf the rush was at its height. Under the sputtering bluish arc lights, amid endless clank and rumble, the produce of America came in.

From the prairies, the mines and the mills, from the forests, the cotton plantations, tobacco fields, orchards and vineyards, from the oil fields and meat packing houses, from the grim factories, large and small, ponderous engines of steel, harvesters, reapers, automobiles, bars of silver and yellow bricks of gold, bales of cotton and wool and hides and tobacco, meats, barrels of flour and boxes of fruit, hogsheads of oil and casks of wine, tens of thousands of things and machines to make things piled up on the wharf by the acre. And still all night the teams clattered in and the rugs puffed up with the barges, and from hundreds of miles away the trains were rushing hither, bringing more boxes and barrels and bags to be packed in at the last moment.

In gangs or every hatchway the men were trundling, heaving, straining, a rough crowd, cursing and joking at the hoarse shouts of the foremen, while from the darkness outside heavy black rope nets dropped down to gather them back up to the deck of the ship and then down into her hold. So all through the night and right up to the hour of sailing the rush went on, for the great ocean liner's work is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars a month. And the ship must sail on time—Everybody's.

HUNTING WILD HORSES.

How Brumbies in New South Wales Are Trapped and Broken.

Hunting "brumbies," as the wild horses are called there, is a favorite sport in New South Wales. Districts like the Clarence and Stephens and Manning river watersheds are still the home of numerous droves of brumbies, and hunting them is declared to be a very exhilarating pastime. The first step taken is to stake out a corral and make all secure except a narrow entrance, which can subsequently be gated. On either side of the entrance and projecting from it funnelwise a "booby fence" is prepared.

To the simple minded brumby it presumably looks like a stockade, and pieces of fluttering cotton make it look impregnable. When this is ready, the young bloods, well mounted, gallop out and round up the wild horses, driving them with shouts and much loud snapping of stock whips toward the mouth of the funnel. In a group of brumbies there is always a leader, and when once the hunters have got the leader heading for the corral they are pretty certain of the rest of the drove. The fluttering cotton rags of the sham fence are sufficient to deter the brumbies from breaking through the flimsy barriers, and in less time than it takes to tell the wild horses are safely corralled and the big gate shut on them.

Then they are left for four and twenty hours without food and water to reflect on the situation, and after that they can be broken in without much difficulty.—London Standard.

Hearn as a Creative Artist. Hearn's creative faculty began where creation is commonly held to end, with the material given. Of the creative gift in the sense in which the phrase is applied to the poet he had not a particle. He was not a "shaper," but "shaper." Dr. Gould puts the matter bluntly when he says, "He had no original thing to say, for he was entirely without creative power and had always to borrow theme and plot." And again: "Clearly and patently it was a mind without creative ability, spring of the desire for it. It was a mind improcreant by inheritance and by education, by necessity and by training, by poverty internal and external." The truth in these words becomes evident when one recalls the failure as fiction of every one of Hearn's attempts in this field and the fact that his greatest successes were won in reclothing the ideas of other men.—Fornam.

Very Clever.

They tell a story in London of a certain peer who had never before shown the slightest interest in horse racing that he surprised a young man of his acquaintance by asking him a question of nothing which horse had won the Derby. The young man told him, "That was very clever of him," replied the peer. "Was it the first time he tried it?" The young man stared, but said "Yes." "Then I call it very clever of him," replied the noble but incomplete sportsman. "To win the Derby the first time he tried for it."

Pleasant For the Lender.

"There," said Dubley, adding up the column of figures, "a total of \$632. I guess that's all. Oh, no; there's \$30 I forgot. Gee! I wish somebody would lend me \$632. Can you do it, old man?"

"What for?" demanded Markley.

"Why, I want to get out of debt."

Philadelphia Press.

A Holdup.

De Roads—Mister, I found the dog your wife is advertising a reward of \$5 fer. Mr. Jaw—You did, eh? De Roads—Yes, and if you don't give me \$10, I'll take it back to her. See?

Made His Mark.

"Well, young Dr. Slicer has made his mark already, hasn't he?"

"Yes, did it on his first case."

"Great Scott! What did he do?"

"Vaccinated him."

BERRYMAN'S

Sale Begins Saturday Oct.
24, Ends Oct. 31.



See What 9c Will Do



Millinery

Our Trimmed Hat Department is showing an immense line of new and stylish hats that you simply must see. There's an awful change in the style, but we want you to try a few of these large shapes on your head—and we are certain that you will be pleased with the effect. There's a lot of snap-style to these new hats. We make in our workroom hats for ladies, misses and children, carefully and thoroughly made and reasonably priced.

Cloaks

The Cloak and Suit Department is filled to the overflowing point. We are showing a grand line of suits at \$16.50, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$25.00 to \$35.00. All alterations made free of charge and we make them fit. Long black coats for women. Plain cloth and fancy mixtures for misses and a large variety for children and babies. Moderate priced. See these during our special sale.

Cut Out the Coupons—Sold only on these days—and only with coupons.

Tuesday morning
From 9 to 12 o'clock
only
12¢ Chambray, different colors..... 7c
Best light calico, 10 yds for..... 45c
10 Yard Limit

Wednesday morning
From 9 to 12 o'clock
only
Large selection of light
and dark 10c
outing flannel..... 6c
Wednesday morning only

Thursday morning
From 9 to 12 o'clock
only
Cut out this coupon and
get 10 yards of 10c
bleached muslin for..... 69c
10 Yard Limit

Friday Morning
From 9 to 12 o'clock
only
You can buy any 2c
bore
for women, children or
men & girls..... 18c
Wednesday morning only

Saturday Morning
October 31
From 9 to 12 o'clock
only
Men's 2c Neckties or 5c
socks or suspenders on
15c morale..... 29c
Farmers' 2c Sus-
pender..... 9c

Saturday Morning
October 31
From 9 to 12 o'clock
only
Bleached sheets, large
size..... 33c
Best silkaline, plain
and floral..... 36c



For all items and
prices see our
circulars—Be sure to
get one.

Advertise in the Mail

PFLEGHARDT'S ODD PIECE FURNITURE SALE

We invite the public's attention to our Odd Piece Clean-Up Sale which will be going on all next week.

To clean out a large number of odd pieces of Furniture, the quality and style of which need no lengthy description to the public of this valley, as Pfleghardt's is known to carry nothing except what is up-to-date, stylish and best to be had in construction. This sale is for the purpose of closing out pieces of which there is only one of a kind, to make room for Holiday Stock, now coming in every day. The new shipments are crowding us for space and if you contemplate buying anything in the furniture line, now or in the near future, we would advise you to come as early as possible and inspect what we are offering. We especially invite the inspection of these goods by experienced and critical housekeepers, and young couples about to go to house-keeping.

Come Early If You Want the Best Bargains

PFLEGHARDT'S Furniture and Carpet House

530-532 Fallowfield Ave.

Charleroi, Pa.

We Are Showing
Complete Line of

Louis Beigel
TOP GOOD SHOES
19 Mth KEAN AVE

MILLINERY AND LADIES' FUR- NISHINGS FOR FALL.

Our stock is entirely new
and up-to-date.

You will find all the newest
millinery here and the
prices will surprise you.

F. L. MAY

Fifth Street

The Old Wells' Block

Making More Than a Living

Nearly every man who works
steadily makes more than a living.
During these slow times
the men who have saved something
appreciate what it is to have
something laid away for a
rainy day. A few cents a day
soon counts up, and when savings
are placed in a bank at a
tidy interest the sum soon grows
to proportions that make it a
safeguard against want when
work is not plentiful. Figure
up how much more than a living
you are making now, and place
the difference in this bank.
Four per cent. interest paid in
savings department.

Bank of Charleroi,

Charleroi, Pa.

Capital and Surplus, \$251,500.

WANTED—Two furnished rooms
for light housekeeping. Address 31
Mail office.

Louis Beigel
FOR GOOD SHOES
19 Mth KEAN AVE

MUSIC FOR EVERYBODY

The season's latest hits in songs, as well as all the newest instrumental selections will be found in our large stock.

We have the sole agency for the world's best makes of pianos, and would be pleased to send you list showing styles, prices, etc.

W. F. Frederick Music Co.,

J. J. KING, Retail Manager,

Fallowfield Ave.

FRESH GREEN GOODS

are a specialty with us. We receive them daily and are always able to supply our customers with every seasonable dainty that the market affords.

Telephone or bring your orders and we will be pleased to deliver same promptly to you.

J. E. MASTERS & CO.

Fourth St. and Fallowfield Ave.

Charleroi, Pa.

HERE'S A TEST:

No matter where you sit in a room heated with

Prizer's Canden Gas Stove

You will be comfortable. Heat equally
divided in all parts of the room.
Prevents Cold Floors, Stove Sweating, etc.

Prices Moderate. Results Guaranteed.
Come in and let us tell you about it.

D. R. DUVALL
HARDWARE

Charleroi

Ira L. Nickson,
Boro Clerk.
Charleroi, Pa., Oct. 28, 1906.